

THE
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WORLD
ON
OCT. 7th
1571

RESTORATION

VOL. XI.

COMBERMERE, ONTARIO—OCTOBER, 1958

IN
1958
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A LOVE LETTER TO ALMIGHTY GOD

By Eddie Doherty

Dear God of Everywhere: Thank you for guiding me here to this Assembly Grounds of Our Lady of the Hills in Your beautiful North Carolina. And thank You for staying so close to me on the trip.

It is not so different from Combermere. The scenery is about the same. Woods and hills and valleys and lakes and rivers. Canada has more birches and poplars and maples. North Carolina has more oaks and elms. And the people are about the same. Lay men and women and priests in Madonna House. Lay men and women here, and many priests and monsignori, and Your fine Bishop, the Most Rev. Vincent S. Waters, Bishop of Raleigh. At home the talk is usually about You and Yours. The talk here, in this Orientation week, is just as stimulating and devout.

Through City Streets

I was of the opinion, when I left home, that I would miss terribly my walks in the woods up north, and my talks to You and Your beautiful Mother. But you set me at rest almost at once. Even in Pittsburgh, the new Pittsburgh that is fast getting away from its reputation as a city of smut and smoke, You walked with me.

How strange that was! I thought I was alone, strolling along Fifth avenue toward the hotel, gazing lazily at the shop windows. There were many bargains. I knew they were bargains, because there were signs that pointed to them. One said that the various coats and hats and gloves and shoes could be had for "give away prices." I know You enjoy that phrase "give away prices". I made some remark to that effect. And You, without any words, reminded me that nobody on the face of the earth had ever been given a greater bargain than the one You gave me in return for what little I could offer You.

The clothes I was wearing were better than anything I saw in the store windows, and they had come to me, through You, without costing me even a fraction of a cent. They had been worn before; but that made them twice as good, as when they were brand new; for they had been blessed with charity, the love of God, before I saw them.

A Good-Looking Ear?

I thought I was alone that first night in the big restaurant — to which one of Your angels steered me. There were many people there! Strangers! It was such a hoity-toity sort of place. It was the kind of dining room in which even the bus boys sneer at the diners. It was the type of salon in which the prices awoke more awe

and wonder in the customers than the French phrases on the menu.

It seemed to me the Angel had made a mistake, bringing me into such presumption, such luxury, and such pride. But, before very long, I discovered he had turned the place into a schoolroom just for me.

I discovered it with the corn! A single ear of corn, superbly impaled on two ornate holders, one at each end of the cob, was brought impressively to my table, and gently placed before me. The waiter stepped back, like a great artist about to show a Pittsburgh millionaire his latest master-piece, and then he sighed—as though to give me some indication of the pleasure I would presently derive from biting into that luscious looking morsel.

"Now, isn't that a good-looking dish, sir?" he asked.

He didn't really ask. He simply suggested that I should say it was indeed what he claimed for it. But I have been eating corn ever since I can remember, and I am afraid I was not too enthusiastic in my appreciation.

And How About Bacon

It did look good. But, Lord God Almighty, when I put my teeth into it, my uppers and my lowers, I began to get the angel's idea. This particular ear of corn, served so importantly and so pompously and so splendidly in this proud restaurant, was not anywhere so good as the corn You ripen for Madonna House on our own soil.

We serve ours without the sanitary holders. We serve corn fresh from the field, heaped on great platters. And there is plenty for everybody. We hold it in our hands. We put butter on it, and salt and pepper, and we eat it ravenously—sometimes glutonously—marvelling that anything can be so good, so extremely good.

I knew then you were standing between me and the waiter, and that You were probably laughing at the joke. And I couldn't help asking why You make corn so wonderful in Combermere, and so—well—so unworkable in Pittsburgh. There must be some human monkey business in the Pittsburgh area to hinder Your work from coming to its perfection.

I put the corn aside and tackled the bacon. Again I was aware of You, and Your most pleasant laughter. For our own bacon, produced by our own pigs, on our own farms, is far more tasty, and much more satisfying, than the meat served in the Pittsburgh restaurant.

We Are Yours

I remembered what You said, through Your son Jesus, a great many years ago. "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and all these things shall be added to you."

We have given up all things for You, to extend Your Kingdom. We live for You. We work for You. We hope to die for You. And so you clothe us and feed us and take care of us in every way!

We are the most fortunate of Your Creatures

The food is excellent here too, God. Thanks especially for those two cheeseburgers this noon, and the French-fried onions, and the wonderful juicy tomato slices! You see, Lord, I still enjoy the good things You create. I am not detached at all from the love of good food properly cooked and seasoned. Why should I be, since it comes from You? And the better it is, the more plainly I see Your benevolence and love. A chef's cap becomes You, Lord! And the pretty girl who comes out of the kitchen with a pitcher or a platter to serve—in the home of Our Lady of the Hills or Our Lady of Combermere—is a reminder of Your lovely mother, Mary.

Your Converts

I wish I could tell you how much I like this place, Lord; and how much I love and admire the people. Especially the converts. They are so sincerely in love with You. Mrs. Elsie Whitfield, for instance. The woman who may become the first feminine mayor in any North Carolina city. Forty years a Protestant. Now a beaming, ardent zealous Catholic crusader. The Lacey's, Mr. and Mrs. John A. Lacey. He was a Protestant minister for thirty or forty

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the normal state for Christians is a state of sanctity

Journey Inward

By
Catherine de Hueck Doherty

The nun was very young, but to us children of the kindergarten class she seemed very ancient, and we were I think a little astonished that she understood little girls so well. I thought so anyhow. For she seemed to be able to play my games, in which stones, leaves, and sticks were people of the fairland that I seemed to have dwelt in so much at the tender age of five.

I do not quite remember how it came to pass, that she introduced in this fairy land of mine, the Faith. Imperceptibly it became the kingdom of God, His Blessed Mother, and all His friends and ours—the saints. Definitely I, and I think, all the other "little pupils" entered this new land joyously and lovingly and it became the main theme of our study and play life. Perhaps because it was introduced to us in story form.

That is how I met the Holy Ghost for the first time in my life—the one Whom my people call—THE CRIMSON DOVE (for the color of fire) THE GOD OF LOVE. Our shining young nun one day told us a beautiful story about the Third Person of the Most Holy Trinity, only in this story He was fire and flame... mighty wind, or gentle breeze... Love...

Somewhere along the line, I misunderstood a point. She was trying to tell us that we should learn to love Him and to pray TO HIM... for so few people did... alas... I understood that we should PRAY FOR HIM—because He was so neglected.

And so I did. From the age of five... to the age of eight. Perhaps no child ever prayed FOR the Holy Ghost. Perhaps I am unique that way. I would not know. But one thing I know—that this praying FOR the Holy Ghost, made me love Him and try to console Him. Maybe because of this childlike innocent mistake, He gave me in my adult years such a great devotion to Him, and through Him to the Most Blessed Trinity. Perhaps because of this mistake—He helped me to realize oh so little, alas!, for I am still dumb in a way and hard to teach—the glorious and joyous mystery of the Indwelling of the Trinity in my soul, that slowly led me to realize that no matter what our state in life or vocation may be—we ordinary layfolks—we all could be both Marthas and Marys.

For we could always go on that journey inward that would bring us to rest and contemplation in and of the Holy Three Who dwell in us.

Flame, Flame, and mighty wind Together shape and reshape creation

Renewing the face of the earth. But oh, the sight Of the might That descends on the soul of man.

The Wind lifting up The Fire begetting a flame And then lighting a fire again In the soul of man.

Such is creation Love its foundation. Love is a Fire, Love is a Flame, Love is a Wind Possessing, enticing, calling The soul of man.

Sparks of the fire falling Light of the universe. They are descending! Grace is a spark Grace is a gift of flame And of fire... Shower of love Falling, descending Into the soul of man.

Mystery profound— Adorable, incomprehensible, Lovable, Un-encompassable to the soul of man.

Spirit uncreated Descending, incarnating The un-encompassable Becoming encompassable, Touchable, feelable, Word made flesh

Walking the earth Sharing flame and fire Touching with strange desire The soul of man.

Loving, loving Spilling love like a flame On the earth, Dying, dying of love on a cross For the soul of man.

Then descending into death's domain Returning unscathed, For what power does death have Over fire, flame and wind? Returning, ascending Only to send more fire, more flame To light the path Of the soul of man.

To keep intact the memory Of the Man who was God. Spendthrift of love Pauper and King, Ragman desirous, desirous Of buying raggety souls As long as they are Souls of men.

For the wind will embrace And the fire and flame will efface And the fire renew the soul of man.

Lifting, lifting, lifting, it Up again Into the hands of Him from Whom Wind, fire, and flame descended, God the Father Unseen and unknown.

On, the mystery of love uncreated Listen! The wind This is the time of the wind.

Listen! The wind— The wings of the Crimson Dove— Creative.

For wind takes up seed And spreads it lavishly Over the earth.

This is the Holy Ghost With His gifts abroad.

Listen! The wind The seven gifts are yours for the asking, O soul of man.

Ask now! Here is the wind, Let yourself go Enter the fire Become a flame

This is the time To fall in love again.

The Bridegroom waits— Enter the wind Be lifted up into the arms Of the King, O soul of man.

Rise and come The Wind is night The Crimson Dove Will lift you up Into the heart of the King, And He will bring you Before the face of the Father So full of grace.

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FASCINATING YUKON HISTORY

By Joe Hogan

Recently the Rev. J. A. McDonagh, head of the Canadian Extension, wrote an article in the Canadian Register entitled, "Go North Young Man, Go North." Father McDonagh pointed out that, far from being a barren wasteland, the North holds a vast forest region reaching from above the prairies to the Yukon. New roads are being built to open up this wealth. Railroads are thinking in terms of striking north. The Indians of the North are increasing rapidly and preparing to achieve a new destiny. This land of 1,300,000 square miles, as Father McDonagh says, recalls the past as but a golden prelude to a glorious future.

The past for the Vicariate Apostolic of Whitehorse has indeed been golden. We owe very much to the missionaries of the past who left their homelands to follow the command of Christ to teach all nations, "Going, therefore, teach ye all nations: baptizing them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost." (St. Math. 28, 19).

Yesterday

It all began in 1774 when a few Spanish Franciscan Friars penetrated into what is now Oregon and British Columbia. In 1793 the great explorer of Canada, Alexander McKenzie, entered the territory on his way to the Pacific. He brought with him the first settlers who later, in 1834, asked for priests. The first to arrive, in 1838 were Fathers Demers and Blanchet. Father Blanchet later became the first Bishop of Oregon and Father Demers the first Bishop of British Columbia. In 1847 the first Oblates of Mary Immaculate began to work under Bishop Demers, and gradually from this beginning the Oblates worked North to the Yukon. Meanwhile the Oblates under Bishop Vital Grandin, O.M.I. reached Northern British Columbia in 1861 and began to establish missions immediately. An interesting development occurred in 1859 when the Oblates from the McKenzie-Athabasca region entered Yukon territory and established missions on their way to Alaska, eight years before this territory was purchased from Russia by the United States. Finally in 1894 the great Jesuit missionary, Father William Judge, S. J. began work in the Yukon from Alaska and established the Church in the gold town of Dawson City.

As it was an immense land of poor communication, the Yukon changed quite frequently in ecclesiastical jurisdictions. Finally in 1908 the prefect apostolic of Yukon was established. During the following years the mission was at its lowest ebb until the coming of the famed Alaska highway in 1942 and the rebirth of the Yukon mission. Then in 1944 the Vicariate apostolic of Whitehorse was established.

And Today

Today under the leadership of Bishop J. L. Coudert, O.M.I., the mission has 27 priests, 3 Oblate Brothers, 16 Sisters of St. Ann, 6 Sisters of Providence, 2 Little Missionary Sisters of St. Joseph and 6 staff workers of Madonna House Apostolate. There are 13 principle parish and mission centers and some 30 other secondary mission outposts. Also there are grade schools, a High school, and a large Indian boarding school. In Dawson City there is a hospital and a Catholic home for the aged. Maryhouse is now boarding Indian boys attending High school. It also operates a hostel for Indians and transients.

What type of men were these missionaries who covered the length and breadth of Yukon in search of souls? They were men who would give their lives to the work out of love for God if need be. Such was Bishop Charles Seghers, second Bishop of the Diocese

of Vancouver Island, which jurisdiction at that time included all of Alaska. In 1886 Bishop Seghers, in the company of two Jesuit priests and two laymen left Victoria, British Columbia for Alaska. They reached Juneau and headed inland over the coastal range. After passing Lake Lindeman one of the laymen, Antoine Prevost, disappeared without leaving a trace and was presumed drowned. Passing through the present site of Whitehorse the party arrived at a settlement on the Stewart River operated by the Alaska Commercial Co. and the Bishop decided to leave the two priests here and go on alone.

Twenty days after leaving the two priests the Bishop's party was stopped by bad weather. The Bishop decided to build a small cabin for shelter. The weather turned mild and they went on to Nuklukayet and stayed at a place called Parker's. The Bishop's guide began to get disgruntled. After a while the Bishop decided to return to the cabin and get away from Parker and his companions. They started out by sleigh and reached a point called Wolf's Head where Bishop Seghers met his death, being murdered by his guide. It was November 27, 1886, being four months and 12 days after the original party set out from Victoria, British Columbia. Two Indians brought the Bishop's remains to St. Michael, where they were buried in the old Russian Orthodox cemetery.

Bishop Seghers was one of many prelates, known and unknown, who have laid down their lives for their flock. "The good shepherd gives his life for his sheep... and other sheep I have not of this fold; them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice and there shall be one fold and one shepherd." (St. John 10, 11-16).

"Go North, Young Man; Go North" is but an echo of the call of the missions. It is a challenge to modern youth to achieve a new destiny of a truly Christian civilization in the North.

ON BREAD

By Jose de Vinck

This may come as a surprise to contemporary bakers, but true and good and pure bread is made with wheat and water, with a pinch of salt and a little leavening, and nothing else. There is not the slightest need for shortenings and milk fats, for eggs, butter, or cream. There is much less need for additives and vitamins: in fact, if such things are put back in contemporary bread, it is simply because they had been taken out of the wheat in the earlier processes of making flour. There is no need whatsoever for preservatives, except to maintain the presentable appearance of the merchandise, and thus to permit bakers to fool the public a little longer before throwing the loaf to the chicken.

When I feel, and smell, a warm loaf of bread coming out of a 1958-model electric oven, it makes me shudder: it is a smooth, elastic lump of pale-colored inconsistent pulp that smells exactly like all the chemicals it is stuffed with, and tastes no better. Why? Have people ceased to love bread? Plain, honest, tasty, fragrant, pure wheat bread? Alas, my friends, it seems they have. People of our days seem unwilling to chew. They are afraid of anything substantial and strong. They would rather choose a smooth and tasteless plump that requires no effort, but procures no sustenance. They would rather swallow blobs than bite on chunks. They would rather pursue the thousand forms of ease, comfort, and security, than meet the challenge of the Bread of Life!

PANEM NOSTRUM QUOTIDIANUM DA NOBIS HODIE, ET SIT PANEM TRITICUM AMEN

RESTORATION

MADONNA HOUSE
Combermere, Ontario
Canada

Vol. XI

No. 10

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Subscription price \$1.00; Single copies 10c

RESTORATION is published monthly for clarification of Catholic social thought with the approbation of the Most Reverend Bishop W. J. Smith of Pembroke, Ontario, and is owned by Madonna House Secular Institute. Authorized as Second Class Mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa.

RESTORATION is a Member of the Catholic Press Association

WHERE LOVE IS — GOD IS

NOISE is perhaps the greatest enemy we have to face today. It greets us when we wake. Goes to bed with us—when we lay down to sleep. And makes even sleep an un-easy, un-restful time.

It won't let go of us—ever! It seems to be a jealous, persistent spawn of hell. The latest, most modern invention of the Prince of Darkness. One he seems to have specially devised to wear down our human resistance to grace. Devised too—to bring confusion, or better still—to confuse for us all issues—and to take away from us our ability to think clearly, and to consider the many important things we have to consider these days—carefully.

But above all, it takes away, as one would imagine the devil would wish to take away, OUR ABILITY TO PRAY. Noise-shattering the silence of our very soul—invading our inner-most being—making us sick, emotionally, intellectually and spiritually—is a tremendous weapon in the hands of Satan.

Silence and privacy have almost become nonexistent, outside of Contemplative Monasteries, and even those are these days, subjected to much more noise than ever before in their holy history.

Modern noise urges us to speed, and a strange efficiency that destroys those who practice it. In an effort to run away from it and them—MAN JUST RUNS. Having lost all sense of direction, man goes on running in circles, ever pursued by the noises that surround him . . . imprison him . . . capture him . . . from every side . . . from above and below!

The traffic noise . . . radio noise . . . television noise . . . teletype noise . . . the noise of posters screaming at him from everywhere . . . the noise of headlines . . . the noise of cold and hot wars, never allowing him to be free of noise. Never permitting him to taste silence and privacy.

Noise destroys time—and by so doing hides eternity, to which time is man's road. Goals recede, and get mixed up in the constant din of a thousand conflicting noises, that call man—hither, dither and yon. Call him to "everywhere"—except his final and only goal and end . . . GOD and THE BEATIFIC VISION. The God who is to be found in the immense silence of love and peace.

Heads of government have to make decisions that effect the whole world amidst the noise of a world gone mad for noisy news. A world that seems to want to have the very thinking processes of these very heads of nations—broadcasted to them via some new noisy machine—some new gadgets that would reveal the very thinking process of man, while the latter goes on.

How can responsible men make these weighty decisions, surrounded constantly by other men and other machines, and the infernal noise that both make? How can those who hear these answers over the noisy channels of modern communication, in the staccato style of a thousand voices, evaluate these decisions, presented to them in endlessly changing accents and with conflicting evaluations?

How can anyone make up his mind about the right and the wrong of it—when these thousand noisy words pierce brain, soul and heart with their sharp arrows? Dancing their noisy, conflicting word dance until no one can think properly.

Noisy streets. Noisy homes. Noisy countryside. NOISE—the latest weapon of Satan—to confuse and drown out the voice of God in the hearts and souls of men. Yes—NOISE is the greatest enemy we have to face today—and if we do not want to perish in it, and our world with us, then we must give ourselves just a few quiet hours a day—pools of silence, in which the voice of God can be heard. Refreshing us. Giving us new strength—to live and to view and judge our world and its daily events with the eyes of God.

Advent Wreath Kit

for your Advent greens:

\$4.75

—A 12-inch Spanish wrought-iron circular frame with sturdy candleholders
—four white candles
—prayer leaflet

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We would like very much to have a few copies of the book *TUMBLEWEED* by Eddie Doherty (pub. by Bruce) for our shelves. It is out of print, and since it is the life of our Foundress, we are eager to have a few copies.

If anyone can spare a second hand copy—we would be ever so grateful!

Staff Workers
Of Madonna House

Eddies of 1958

By Eddie Doherty

First there was the bishop, the great shepherd of the diocese of North Carolina. And there were the scattered sheep, so few of them, so pathetically few. And there was the prejudice and the ignorance and the intolerance and the hate.

The bishop, The Most Reverend Vincent S. Waters, had few priests to help him. He had few churches or chapels. He had little money, little influence, little chance—humanly speaking—of doing anything for the sheep entrusted to him.

But he went around and about, like the Good Shepherd he loves, seeking young shepherds to help him. He went to the north and the east and the west, as well as to and through the south, speaking of his needs.

Come Save Us

North Carolina has about 4,500,000 people; and less than one per cent. of them are Catholics. There are not more than 35,000 members of the Church; and most of them are in the mountains and valleys. Some seldom see a priest or a church, and may never see the radiant face of God. More than seventy percent. of the people of North Carolina live in the country districts, the remote areas, "the bush." The Catholics lost in these forgotten regions were calling to him—Come and save us.

And he, the bishop, was calling to others: "come and help me save my people; come and be a missionary in the state of North Carolina; come and help me find the lost sheep and bring them back to the fold, with the lambs that have never heard of the green pastures or the still waters where flocks of the Lord are nourished."

Young seminarians heard him. Boys who had dreamed of missionary lives in Africa, or India, or the South Sea Islands, or the thick jungles of South America. Boys who had thought of life in Trappist cells or Dominican or Franciscan study halls. Boys who felt they were called by God to be Jesuits or Benedictines or Divine Word Fathers of the Salesian sons of St. Don John Bosco.

Call to The Missions

There were also boys who had fancied themselves as chaplains in the army, the navy, or the leather neck marines. New Yorkers. Chicagoans. Residents of Cleveland, Milwaukee, Washington, D.C., Philadelphia, Boston, and other cities in the north and east and middle-west.

They heard the bishop's voice. "Come and be a missionary in the cities and the rural districts of the state of North Carolina. Come and work with the Negroes and the whites. Come and fill the hearts of the people of this great state with the love of God and neighbor. The challenge is greater here than in any other part of the United States. The need is greater. The reward will be greater, for the victory will be, with the help of God, an extraordinary one."

They came, one by one, two by two, in little groups. Boys in their teens. Young men with years of prayer and study in various seminaries. Middle-aged men who were sure, at last, that their vocation was to the people of the south; the negro and the biased white man.

And they went to work.

Rap, Rap, Rap

"Knock on every door", the bishop told them. "Find my sheep. Find out what they need. Bring them home. And look for other sheep that we must also feed and shelter."

So they went out, the boys from the big cities in Yankee land, venturing into this strange new mission territory, enduring the frightful heat, the awful dust, the terrible insects, the noisy (and sometimes vicious) dogs, working all day and long into the night to provide a census for the bishop.

Sometimes they had automobiles. Sometimes they took a truck with a trailer attached. Sometimes they went afoot. They knocked on doors. They expected rebuffs, insults, slammed doors, even violence and cursing. But there were few incidents of this kind though one young missionary did have his clothes torn to shreds by a pack of hounds.

"Sometimes we preached", one of the priests recalls. "Once I preached on a certain spot every evening for many nights. Nobody came to hear me. The loud speaker carried my words into the darkness, up to the moon and the stars. But they brought not one single solitary soul any closer to me. I kept on, thank God, and gradually I began to get something of an audience."

Keeping At It

"Sometimes", another remembers, "we visited a house twenty or thirty times, knowing a Catholic lived there, but never finding him in. There were some who made it a habit to be out when we called."

This year a younger crop of seminarians went through the mountains and gulches and farms of North Carolina, and through some of the teeming cities. They make a thorough survey, especially in such communities as Sandy Mush, Boiling Springs, and King's Mountain. They made maps. They used colored pins to denote the Catholic situation. The yellow pins were bad Catholics. The white were good Catholics. pins told a pitiful story. In this county of 4,700 or so there was not Catholic of any kind. In this county of 5,800 or more there were two bad Catholics and one good one.

"Here", a seminarian remarked, pointing to a section of the map, "we heard there was a Catholic woman who had recently died. We went to the house, hoping she might have left some children or grand children. We went there many times before we found anybody home. Then we met the daughter of the dead woman. She was indignant at the story that her mother was a Catholic, had ever been a Catholic. She acted as though we had insulted her beyond forgiveness."

Efforts Rewarded

The news of the census was made public at the Orientation Week program, inspired and organized by Bishop Waters, and held at the Catholic Assembly Grounds of Our Lady of the Hills, near Hendersonville, N.C. During this week 26 clerical and lay speakers contributed to the program. The seminarians presented the results of their census-taking on the last day of the program.

The Most Reverend Floyd Biggin, Bishop of Cleveland, O., one of the noted guests at the Assembly Grounds, lauded the seminarians for their good work.

"Every effort you make for Christ", he reminded them, "is rewarded by streams of grace. Maybe the man who was never home when you came did not get the grace he might have received; put perhaps everybody else in the neighborhood, everybody who saw your persistence in visiting him, were given graces. Maybe you sowed more seed than anyone realizes."

The Bishop is a missionary himself. Every night, or nearly every night, he opens a telephone book, looks up some name, and dials a number. "This is Bishop Biggin", he says, "are you a Catholic?" If the man or woman says "No" the bishop will say that he will be glad to give instructions. Sometimes, in a bank, or a store, or an office, or a school, he says to someone, "Are you a Catholic?" Then he may ask "why not?", and offer to instruct him personally. His converts are many.

Call For Mr. K.

"We must pray for converts", Bishop Biggin said. "We must pray constantly. We must pray for them by name. Name them all to God. If everybody did that I could call Khrushchev on the international phone, make a date for beginning instructions, and be sure he would come over here from Russia to keep the date."

Bishop Waters closed the week's program with a few dramatic words.

"The horrible story you see in the pins on these maps", he said, "is not only the story of North Carolina. It is, I believe, true of every other state in the Union. We can boast that we have thirty or forty million Catholics. But if one third of them keep getting lost—what have we to boast of?"

"With some it is apathy. With others it is something else. A Catholic girl in New York, say, marries a truck driver who lives in North Carolina. They come here to live. He is a Methodist or a Baptist. There is no Catholic Church close to the woman. Or, if there is, she is persuaded not to attend it.

Many people lose caste, being Catholics in some parts of the south—and the North too, for that matter.

Bored To Death

"It has been said that many Catholics leave the Church because they are bored to death. They are not treated as people by the clergy or the hierarchy. They are supposed merely to come to church every Sunday, sit quietly, take no part in the ceremonies, pay their money at the proper time, do what they are told, and go out after Mass. Often they are given no sermon, no instruction, no music, no spiritual guidance of any kind. They are not even told that they offer the Mass too, with the priest, and that, without them, a priest could not offer Mass.

"There are many reasons why Catholics leave the Church; but whatever the reason, we want

them all to come back. And we want more and more to join us in the Church. We want more and more priests to teach them, to serve them, to make them better Catholics. We have a great field here; a tremendous challenge. We have many more than 4,000,000 people in North Carolina to bring into the fold. Come down and help us."

The Orientation Program will be held annually, Bishop Waters says; and every year a new generation of seminarians will be sent throughout the state, to knock on every door.

Combermere Diary

And still more changes as the apostolate grows!

Staff Worker Dennis Happy has been transferred to Maryhouse in the Yukon; and Staffer Jack Scanlon (of Pittsburgh, Penn.) will take his place in Marian Centre.

Staff Worker Mary Jean Beauvoir, R.N., (of Toronto, Ont.) will go to the University of Alberta for a post-graduate course in Public Health.

On the Feast of the Assumption August 15th, eleven took their Promises of Poverty, Chastity, and Obedience, and became Staff Workers. They are: Irene Chauvin (Detroit), Josephine Halfman (Indiana), Jan Hills (Portland, Oregon), Mary McNamara (Chicago), Kathy Rodman (California), Doreen Rousseau (Manitoba); Michael Fagan (Ireland), Anthony Henry (New Brunswick), Michael Lopez (Chile, S.A.), Paul Lussier (Alberta), and Jack Scanlon (Pennsylvania).

Staffer Dick Parker spent some of his holidays with us on his way back to Portland after a visit to his home in Boston.

Our Director General, the "B", moved her office and quarters to St. Catherine's cabin.

We were most sorry to learn of the death of Dr. Long in Pembroke and of Joe Noonan in Montreal.

Doug Conklin, of the YCW in Toronto paid us a short visit.

Quite a few folks of the Summer School returned for the fall, and it looks like our "family" will be nearly seventy for the winter.

Editor Eddie Doherty was travelling (as you'll see from his article in this issue) in the Carolinas, and Mississippi.

Of yes, of those seventy, seven are new vocations. Please pray for their perseverance.

OUR WORKSHOP

By Sean O'Callaghan

One of the noisiest places in Madonna House, according to most people, is the workshop, officially known as the workshop of Our Lady of Guadalupe. Well, what is noise to some ears is music to others. As you walk through the door of the workshop, on the left hand side you see the auto department. This is where you find Johnny Fecteau putting cars in order, in the course of which he uses a grinder, hammer, and hacksaw, the noise of which is music to his ears. The next department is the electronics department, where Ray Fecteau repairs radio sets and phonographs. As he aligns his set the note from the signal generator makes pleasant music.

Next comes the small repairs and storage department. Here the ticking of a clock or the sound of a vibrator sets the beat. At the other side of the workshop we find the picture framing and glazing department. Here the ears of Rollie Turcotte vibrate to the rare sound of a glass cutter grating across a pane of glass. Next comes the woodworking department. Ed Watson and Bill Jakali work here. The whine of a saw, the thunderous roar of a planer, make up the tenor and bass section of the workshop symphony.

The workshop also has a paint department and plumbing department, which, though not very noisy, are necessary. The workshop is a training center. Here men become familiar with the tools and machines, and acquire the varied skills and knowledge, to service and repair the different equipment in use at Madonna House. For instance, during the fall and winter, courses are given in electrical and automobile shop theory and practice. A variety of things are made in the workshop, over and above the usual repairs of furniture and equipment received in donations. In fact it is really a source of wonder and amazement what things can be made with a scrap of wood or a piece of metal. For instance the other day the workshop got an order for some cheese kegs. This was a difficult job, as we didn't have the shaping machines to make the curves necessary, but Ed did it!

A sign in the workshop reads: THINK FOR WHOM YOU ARE DOING THIS. These words sum up the reasons why certain sounds make music to the ears of the men of Our Lady's Workshop. Dear Mother:

Just wanted to drop you a line in unexpressible thanks for all you have done for me, and all you will always continue to do. Especially must I always recall and glory in the grace offered me through your dear home at Combermere. There did I find my heart opened to your Son, and I discovered the value of the empty side on each and every crucifix.

So now, Mother, the world would desire to close in on me again, to prevent even the hushed tones of my own "magnificat"—but thy loving hand sustains me, and when I look I can see thy Son hanging, for us and me especially, from every telephone pole; the glorious world carries the deafening song of His love and His glory; every man near me is He—how then would you treat me? And my mouth, much desirous to be closed to all trivia, can scarce cease, for some children of God in the world seem anxious ever to hear more of the ways of love which I have been blessed to taste.

It's nothing I can say, mother, but I thought I'd send a line, asking ever not only for my own sake, but for all of us, near and far, children of God. Thanks again, dear mother,—thanks from the bottom of my heart.

Love,—X
A Slave—

HER JOY IS WASHING DISHES

By Mary Pennefather

Marian Centre, Edmonton, Alta.—We the staff of Marian Centre, are in a sense, God's middlemen, because we receive gifts of food and clothing given in Christ's name to us, and pass them on to Christ in the poor.

Clothing must be sorted and food prepared before these gifts can be given away. There are three houses, making up Marian Centre, which need to be kept clean and tidy. All the many jobs in an average household are ours, too. A great chunk of time is spent in "cleaning up".

Dishes, Dishes, Dishes

My job in part is dusting, tidying, laundry, and ironing. Mostly it is washing dishes—cleaning up. We serve two meals to our Brothers Christopher—breakfast from 10.30 to 11.30, and dinner between 1.30 and 3.30. Breakfast dishes consist in cups, between 150 and 190 of them—spoons, 18 platters and 9 large tea pots. Dinner dishes comprise, cups, silverware, plates, dessert dishes, platters, bowls and tea pots. We serve from 150 to 180 men each day for dinner, and quite often the count has been 2

OUR PORTLAND APOSTOLATE

By Lucile Dupuis

Stella Maris House, 208 N.E. Weidler St., Portland, Oregon. So often so many have asked "And what do you do at Stella Maris?" We find The North American public is readily interested in results. But we ask ourselves "Is God interested in tangible results or is He more interested in souls for His Kingdom?"

What we do at Stella Maris is an overflow of the love of God which we try daily to increase in our hearts. Therefore what is accomplished is not measured with the rulers of men. For as one man once commented "The crucifixion didn't look like much to the eyes of modern man."

The first and most important function of all the houses in the apostolate is to provide the means of personal sanctification as members of the Secular Institute of Madonna House. Surely this is our very essence and is found in the myriad of "little things" which fill up the hours of each day—like the dishes, ironing, laundry, typing and filing, answering of doorbells and telephones, cleaning etc., etc. The details of Our Father's business are those of the average household tasks each housewife knows.

Unlike the other houses we do not perform any of the corporal works of mercy—feed the hungry, clothe the naked, house the homeless etc. We refer all the calls we receive for such help to the already existing groups like the St. Vincent de Paul Society who are established to meet these needs. We check to be sure that the family does receive the food or clothing or whatever it needed. We do not wish to loose contact with the many individual families we have come to know in the vicinity.

Another Level

Now on another level of the apostolate—the level where results are not easily seen and in which progress is made at a snail-like pace. Try and visualize what seems to be an infinite number of long and speech-filled meetings which some member of the staff must attend, record, sift, analyze and co-ordinate. Along with this aspect there are the personal contacts which must be made. In person, on the telephone and by mail no lead is left unfollowed. But even before these contacts are made there must be much preliminary research, and eventually, study, on each of the minority groups with whom we are mandated to work. These contacts must be with people in each group who know the score of the difficulty that his or her group experiences. They must be willing and intelligent enough to sit at a round table and discuss openly and objectively these problems and their roots.

League of Nations!

Close your eyes for a moment and try to imagine the problems you might have when you attempt to have the following people put their cards on the table—Orientals, Spanish-Americans, Indians, Gypsies, Mexicans (including Braceros and Migrant labor, both of which are involved in the American Farmer's economic life at present), Negroes plus the minority groups of the city—Italians, French, Puerto Ricans, Filipinos, Slavic groups and others—if the need arises. This table may be a figure of speech but the problem of co-operation among such groups, within each group, and the lack of co-operation between the whites and non-whites is a vivid reality indeed.

We are constantly trying to understand our brothers a little better. This means studying their history, culture, customs, folklore, literature, music, art and all other phases of life which are peculiar to them. It means delving into their way of thinking and how they look at life in general and particular. Their assets and their drawbacks. Ad the state of their present assimilation into the pattern of American life. Here too we must try and help them keep all that is beautiful and wholesome in their traditional heritage.

One very concrete example of this type of apostolate, which we call the intellectual apostolate, is the fall program in which one of our group will join forces with other groups who are interested in getting a good housing bill ready for the legislature. As far as we know there are only three states—Washington, New York, and Oregon that have housing laws which prevent discrimina-

tion. Unfortunately our present housing laws are not adequate and have many loop holes through which prejudiced individuals can deny proper housing to members of minority groups.

Also Oregon is one of the 12 states in the 49 that has a Fair Employment Practices Law which protects and safeguards the rights of all workers regardless of their race or religion. This bill and the housing bill take an endless amount of time, effort, co-operation, and dedication on the part of a handful of people to compose and pass. Through their generosity thousands will benefit through equal rights and be given a chance to live a fuller life.



The Big Two

Besides that, we must be convergent with the two big forces in the economic world, namely labor and management. The social encyclicals of the Pope must be as familiar to us as the Hail Mary. The history of labor unions, which mirrors the history of our economic development in this country, must be second nature to us. This too is part of our work—we call it the Labor-Management Apostolate.

All that has been discussed so far could be considered one half of our mandate. The other half is devoted to the Catholic-Apostolic groups such as C.F.M., Y.C.W., Y.C.S. and other such as the Catholic art group, music groups, etc. The opening of these new vistas means a greater knowledge of these specialized movements—their history, organization, techniques, problems, spirit, indeed the very hearts of those who are part of them. For we wish to restore all things to Christ through Mary—surely these too fall into the category of "all things." Also we must have a smattering knowledge, at least, of the Catholic attitudes to art, music, craft and the like. We must play the part of "available JONES" to provide for the needs of such groups. This consists in encouragement, new ideas, research material for projects, office equipment to be used in printing news bulletins and other literature, meeting rooms, and our co-operation and unification in apostolic planning in the area.

There is no end to the possibilities these groups present. Here is youth, energetic and generous, ready to give of itself to the limit to spread the kingdom of Christ in offices, factories and workshops. Here too are Christian families anxious to make Christ a living reality for children who are to be the future parents of a new world we are trying so desperately to build.

The Holy Father has asked Catholics to join forces to rebuild society. Each soul has its part to play, no one else can fill his or her place. These movements provide the necessary spiritual guidance and strength so desperately needed by so many.

Now you know what we "DO" at Stella Maris House—YES, WE LOVE for the source of life, the purpose of living, the goal of existence is LOVE—GOD IS LOVE. We love to the depths the society we live in, loving moment by moment—trying to re-baptize all that God has put into the world for man. All that man in his finite way has used and become embroiled in—using it strictly for his own pleasure forgetting the Giver of Gifts.

Alive or Dead?

By John Carmel

As the smoke of the Council Fire circled lazily to the star-studded sky and the ceremonial pipe passed slowly among the silent hearers, Turartha, Keeper of the Wampum and Teller of Tales, once more rose from his seat to tell the well beloved story of the encounter of Omniskee, old in wisdom, and Climona, Challenger-at-the-Fire.

"Long, long ago," rang out the voice of Turartha, "Omniskee was who held the wampum, Omniskee, wise medicine man of our tribe. Never had his wisdom failed before his questioners, never was he out-mastered. Yet on him were cast looks of envy; for many desired to replace him. Of these none was so crafty, so patient, as Climona the Fox, who bided his time to ask a question Omniskee could not answer. None was so anxious to gain the wampum, and the honor of Medicine Man.

And Now The Plot

"Long did Climona brood. Patiently did he seek the question without an answer. Then when his triumph was assured, he revealed, only to a few favored braves, a plan to floor Omniskee. 'I have caught me a bird,' said he to the braves who crowded 'round him, 'and tonight I, Climaona, shall stand forth at the Council Fire to challenge Omniskee. With one feather showing through my fingers I shall ask, 'Omniskee, O wise one, what have I in my hands?'

"'A bird,' he will assuredly reply. Then I shall say, 'Even so, O Great One, but tell me, is the bird alive or dead?'

"Then shall Climona triumph, for if he answer 'Alive', I shall crush the bird and fling it lifeless at his feet. But should he answer, 'Dead,' opened shall be my hands, and away shall fly the bird."

"So, before the assembled braves, did Climona, the Wily One, stand forth to challenge Omniskee, wise in years and tribal lore. And to him, the Keeper of the Wampum, did he show his clasped hands.

"What have I in my hands?", he asked softly.

"A bird," replied Omniskee.

"And now, O Wise One, tell me; is the bird alive or dead?"

And Now An Answer

"Oh, the voice was soft and silky; and the edge of exultation was not in it. But on his face the look of satisfaction was ill concealed; and ill concealed in his eyes was the gleam of triumph. Within his grasp was the prize, the long sought honor and glory. Oh, proud he stood, and straight as the pine upon the mountain, before old Omniskee; aged and bent like the battered oak yet shrewd with years and practiced in wisdom.

"Slowly did Omniskee's eyes wander from the hands that clutched the bird to the eyes that gleamed in triumph, back to the strong still fingers and the feather gleaming in the firelight.

"What a silence as the embers crackled and the bull frogs' cry echoed from the marsh! Then, as the moon shone suddenly on the magic Madawaska, Omniskee spoke, repeating Climona's words. 'Is the bird alive or dead? . . . That, my son, depends on you!'

"Turning slowly, he sat again on the seat of honor, and the braves watched Climona sink away, crestfallen and dejected."

Thus Turartha spoke on the shores of the Madawaska to the braves there assembled, as the smoke of the Council Fire circled lazily to the star-studded sky and the ceremonial pipe passed slowly along.

The Answer

By P.O.B.

I asked each rising sun
And quenched each dawning day.

Who is the One
Who is the Way?
Each flower of the field
Each valley deep
Each bud yet to yield
Each mountain peak
Who is the One
Who is the Way?
And all the stars in heaven,
And each and all the secret keep
About the rivers seven
And I alone, did weep
Who is the One
Who is the Way?
Again I turned to heaven
And all my tears were spent
I saw the rivers seven
And heard with sweet content
Who is the One
Who is the Way?

Short History Of The Cana Movement

By Tom La Crosse

Cana was conceived in the spring of 1943. Reverend John P. Delaney, S.J., a retreat director for working men, decided, that explaining the ideals of family life to only one half of each couple was rather ineffectual. After experimenting for a year with couples in New York, he described the project in an article in America. That summer he gave a retreat to 14 couples.

News of this reached St. Louis and Reverend Edward Dowling, S.J., of the "Queen's Work," became enthusiastic. Father Dowling contributed the name "Cana Conference" and insisted that "material things treated spiritually" constituted the scope of Cana. So, after a gestation period of a little over two years, "Cana" was born. Father Dowling contributed to its growth through his efforts in propagandizing the new project.

Cana Grows Fast

By 1947, Cana had become a "Movement". In that year it was the subject of an Institute sponsored by the Adult Education Division of the Catholic University of America and attended by 60 priests. Today it has spread throughout the United States and Canada, and has reached Uruguay, India, and China.

The Cana Movement is an organized attempt to help Catholic couples "make their married lives holier; to realize all the potentialities of their vocation as it was made by Almighty God." It is based on the assumption that the average Catholic couple finds religion merely occupying a niche set off by itself; that it does not seem very well adapted to married life. There is a great need to have Christ as a permanent member of the household, and for religion to permeate daily living!

Religion is thought of by many only in the spiritual, speculative, or dogmatic sense. The time is long overdue when the application of theology (asceticism) should be taught to our Catholic couples. This Cana is doing. The needs of Catholic couples was the basic cause of Cana. Much education in all aspects of married life was needed. To bring about a Christian attitude towards money, work, pleasure, education, sex, and multitude of other subjects is Cana's motivating factor. The time seemed ripe for someone to interpret virtue in terms of dishwashing, frayed tempers, and lovemaking.

New and Old

Cana is an attempt to apply old principles in a practical way to the everyday problems of married life. It is a combination of Catholic theology and tradition with the newest insights of modern psychology, sociology and economics. It stresses psychology so that human misunderstanding may not stand in the way of Grace.

Cana is not a retreat. The Conferences differ from retreats in several essential ways. Silence is not required. The priest talks rather than preaches to the couples. The couples can discuss matters among themselves. Cana is strictly for couples, while retreats are for individuals. Retreats stress spirituality as such. Cana stresses the spiritualizing of daily living—the virtue, for instance, of getting up at night for a crying child, etc.

Cana is not a marital adjustment agency. It is for the average couple, not those whose marriage is almost in ruins. It is not a lecture. "The Cana Conference consists of formation and inspiration chiefly, and information lastly." Cana is not an agency to change outside factors. There is no intention or attempt to better such things as housing, wages, schools, etc. Rather, it is an attempt to help the family better to meet its environment.

Get Together

The actual conference which is the crux of the Cana Movement is merely the getting together of a number of Catholic couples to discuss under the guidance of a priest (who knows what he is talking about) the problems of every day married life. Questions are encouraged. This is one of the most valuable of Cana practices. Active participation by the couples is more or less the cornerstone of the conferences. In this way husbands and wives come to realize their problems are not unique.

One of the underlying purposes is to draw the couples closer together. Whole days, not just a couple of evening hours, are set aside for the conferences. The couples attend a series of con-

ferences, each being on a different family subject. For example, the first may be on the psychological differences between men and women, and the second on the raising of children.

Though Cana is basically a lay movement, finding its strength and "fuel" in the laity, the priest is an essential part. The priest must understand people. He must study the complete person, taking into account the weaknesses of fallen nature and the strength of the adoption as a child of God. He must understand the body, the soul, the mind, and the heart of people. He must know of sex of male and female differences, physical and psychological. The priest must have a sense of humor, and realize that he can learn a great deal from the laity.

There is danger in over emphasizing the role of the priest. The possibility that the group might lose him through transfer to another parish, death, other work, or some other cause, must always be reckoned with. The Cana group should develop leadership of its own and so not "overly" depend on him.

In Arizona We "Share"

By Bob Peitton

"Have this mind in you which was also in Christ Jesus, who though He was by nature God, did not consider being equal to God a thing to be clung to, but emptied himself taking the nature of a slave and being made like unto men. And appearing in the form of man, he humbled himself, becoming obedient to death, even to death on a cross."

These awesome words of St. Paul to the Catholics in Philippi contain the explanation of our apostolate to the Spanish-speaking people of Winslow, Arizona, for they describe the event upon which that apostolate is based and the life with which it is informed. That event is the Incarnation, and that life is the life of the God-man, Our Lord Jesus Christ.

God is all-holy, so that even the seraphim must shield their faces from the light of His glory. He is all-powerful, so that He holds the billions and billions of stars in the palm of His hand, for without Him they could not exist for even a second. He is the absolute Lord of the universe, the infinite King of creation. He is who is, and His creatures, including man, are as nothing before Him.

God Among Men

Yet when God, in His infinite mercy, decided to restore man to His friendship, which man had rejected, He became man. He could have saved us with a single word, but instead, He took a human body and a human soul, was born of Mary, lived for thirty years in a poor, obscure village without revealing Himself, preached for three years, and allowed Himself to be murdered by the very people He had come to save. The infinite, omnipotent, all-holy Second Person of the Blessed Trinity emptied Himself completely to show His love for man.

Could we do less? Could we poor sinners, made whole by the love of Christ, refuse love to other poor sinners? Could we, the white possessors, our possessions stained with the tears and blood of a world full of colored dispossessed, cling to our new cars and segregated suburbs and handsome clothes while others starve, for lack of food or love or both? No, of course we could not, and not call ourselves members of the sinless One who would not cling to His infinite glory.

Men For God

Now our work in Winslow becomes clear. We do the corporal and spiritual works of mercy; we distribute food and clothing, visit the sick or the imprisoned or the lonely, teach catechism, and maintain a library, but most of all, and as the motive for these actions, we share the life of our Spanish-speaking brothers and sisters in Christ.

We share the discomfort of impassable streets when the city digs sewer trenches. We share the dust when a sandstorm blows in across the plains. We share the longing for rain in weeks of dryness and the fear of flood when the rains do come. We share the sorrows of death and pain, and the joys of marriage of First Communion. We share the snubs and mistrust and scorn and the unspoken insults which those among whom we had always lived give to those who live on the wrong side of the tracks.

We are there. We are there to give friendship and kindness to those who have never had either and to nourish them in those who have. We are there to be mothers

or fathers or brothers or sisters to those who do not have even this much, and to give courage to those who have good families, but need heroism to maintain them. We are there to give love and peace to a people whose natural warmth and simplicity is menaced by the cold indifference of the civilization in which they live. We are there to show the face of Christ to those who are His special children, to those who know His name and His Cross, but so little of His Love.

To show Christ's face we must be filled with His life. We must empty ourselves to receive this life, just as He emptied Himself to obtain it for us. We must empty ourselves of all that separates us from those among whom we work so that we will be filled with Him who became like us in all things save sin, and then His face will be able to shine through our nothingness.

Therefore our apostolate in Winslow is not simply an imitation of the life of the Incarnate Word, but is a continuation of it. La Casa de Nuestra Senora is in very truth the house of Our Lady. It is another Nazareth, where Christ lives with His Holy Mother among the children of men, loving them and reconciling them to His Father in heaven.



On Ways and Means

By Jose de Vinck

The ways of God are not the ways of man, and yet God, in His omnipotence, chooses men to achieve His ends. In the hands of any human ruler, power is thrown around with brute directness; in the hands of God, it is reverently and delicately used, and the amazing thing is to notice how much this reverence and delicacy are characteristic of the omnipotent God in His action upon our nothingness. God does not rule by lightning and thunder: very seldom, indeed, does there happen such a thing as the Flood, or the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah. The usual pattern or God's action is quite different: a pattern of reverence and delicacy. A man, a weak and fearing man, is filled with the Spirit and sent out to speak: a frail woman is endowed with strength, or with the wisdom to persuade a king. When God speaks, these weaklings fall flat on their face, and Jonas runs like mad to escape his commands. And yet, time and again, it is these frail and trembling men and women who bring about the works of Providence.

It is not the powerful, or the great, or the wise whom the Lord prefers to use: it is the little ones he chooses, even more so in recent times. In olden days, both powerful Kings and humble proletarians were the direct agents of God's will, but now, since the time of Christ, it is the humble Mary, and the Fishermen, the little Joan and Bernadette, John Vianney and Therese of Lisieux. And even those who attained great stature, while remaining in the special grace of God, managed at all times to preserve their inner littleness. I am thinking of St. Pius X

The Faith In Africa

By Our Special African Correspondent, the Rev. Fr. L. Mwanahum, of Port Herald, Nyasaland

The people of the U.S.A. and Canada know about Africa; and those who are mission-minded have taken a special interest in the development of the Church in this continent. Here we are going to see a few aspects of the African missions; but as Africa is a big place, I shall limit myself to Nyasaland, my native land.

Nyasaland has five ecclesiastical divisions. The whole of the northern province constitutes North Nyasaland Prefecture, which is entrusted to the White Fathers. In the Central Province there are two vicariates, Likuni, (White Fathers) and Dedza, (Local clergy). In the Southern province there are also two vicariates, Blantyre and Zomba, both of which are run by the Monfort Fathers, aided by African priests. Blantyre is my own vicariate.

They Brought Light

The Monfort Fathers came to Nyasaland in 1901, and started what was, until a few years ago, the "Shire Vicariate." The country was then still dark from nearly every point of view. The difficulties the first missionaries encountered, and the extraordinary bravery they showed, are an object of admiration to us all.

As soon as the first three Monfort Fathers set foot on the soil of Nyasaland, they consecrated their labor to Our Lady. Today, looking at the fruits of their toil, nobody can doubt but that the finger of God is there.

I do not know what impressions our missionaries have when they come in contact with the African way of life for the first time, but we can be sure they accept all the hardships with loving resignation. It is, however, interesting to note that they quickly get used to our way of life.

A mission consists of the church, the priests' house, a school, and sometimes a convent. The mission area, which may be as long as 30 miles across, is divided into out-churches, out-posts. And each out-post has a number of villages attached to it. In these villages there are schools, some of which are government aided. The rest are "bush schools." The difference between the two is that the government supports one, the missionaries finance the other.

Many Converts

There are some missions in this vicariate which have as many as sixty bush schools. And finding money for the payment of the teachers is one of the greatest anxieties of the missionaries. It sometimes happens that, due to lack of money, these schools are closed — which is always a pity.

These schools are of a great help to the missionaries, for we get most of our catechumens there. In some of them 50% of the pupils are pagans. In the end, practically all of them become Catholics!

Incidentally we have opened a new school this year in the area of our mission; and there are 60 children on the roll. When I visited them last month I asked how many wanted to become Christians. There was a unanimous shout of "I'm indifina" — meaning "I want to become one." So you see that schools are a big trap in which Our Lord catches pagan boys and girls and makes them His brethren!

At each out-church is placed a man who is called a Kapitao, which means an overseer. His work is to look after the church building, conduct prayers on Sundays, visit and inspect the teachers and the catechumens, and visit those negligent of their Christian duties — a truly apostolic work.

Monthly Mass

Every Sunday the faithful assemble at their out-church to pray together. In this vicariate these prayer meetings end with prayers for the benefactors of the mission. Once every month, on a Sunday, Holy Mass is offered at the out-church.

An "ulendo," or touring the villages, is not always an easy job, for the distances from one village to another are very great, and the priest's equipment, Mass-kit, camp, bed, etc., have to be carried from place to place by the faithful. The Fathers travel by motor bikes or bicycles. Most of the time they eat native food, which is not always agreeable to their stomachs.

Here the catechumenate lasts three years. At the end of this

time the candidates are submitted to an examination of religious knowledge. Those who satisfy the priest examiners are admitted to baptism; but prior to its reception they must undergo a three week's instruction period at the mission. Then comes the happiest day in their lives — the day when the regenerating water is poured on them.

Walk, Father, Walk!

Another difficult task of the missionaries is sick calls. Some of these may come from as far as twenty or thirty miles away. When you haven't a motor bike this presents a serious problem!

The part the Church plays here in education is really very great. Nearly half the schools in the country are run by Catholic missionaries; and these schools multiply every year. There is a great need of teaching Brothers, especially in the higher schools.

Looking at all the effects the Christian religion has brought about in our country, we cannot help thinking of those words of Our Lord . . . "that you should go and should bring forth fruit and your fruit should remain." (John XV, 17.)

ONE MAN'S SCRAP . . . THE OTHER MAN'S GOLD

Last month we tried to take you, dear reader, on a tour of the places where all the "scrap" that we so constantly beg for goes. We tried to show you too, that NOTHING IS EVER WASTED AT MADONNA HOUSE. We went on to ask for more things that you may not need and we need desperately, especially for Christmas.

Talking to our staff in charge of departments, I found out that radios, old ones, big and small, in various states of needed repair, can and will be repaired here, and delight some shut-in, some older or invalid at Christmas. So if you have any that you want to get rid of — MADONNA HOUSE IS THE PLACE TO SEND THEM, if you live in Canada.

Wool remnants — the left-over of your knitting, is truly needed. Our knitting friends — and they are many — are running out of their supplies which we provided from your former gifts. And because of lack of wool we lack wee baby garments and there are so many new babies "on the way" around about here who will need them badly.

Soap, tooth brushes, toothpaste, costume jewelry, five and ten cent toys, scribblers, pencils, rulers and other cheap school supplies, hankies, mittens, scarfs, bed socks, shawls, religious articles of any and every kind, children's books, I repeat are the mainstays of our Christmas gift project.

The offices of Madonna House asked me to mention their needs. Any and every "office supplies" would be, oh! so welcome. Envelopes left over when you changed your office address — are a godsend to us. We just put a brown little sticker over that address. Scrap paper is used by all our departments. Carbon paper which fastidious stenos and bosses use but little — would get a big work out from us yet. Erasers, pencils, pens. Papers all sizes and shapes. WE ALSO COULD USE TYPEWRITERS . . . so many school kids hereabouts want to practise their school typing and have not the money to buy them, we easily could repair that old typewriter . . . if you only send it to us. And so many would get so much use out of it! Adding machines would be grand too . . . only these are usually far from being any man's scrap. Still sometime there is a change over to a new, more up-to-date, machine and the old one ain't worth "turning in" — we could use it indeed.

Our candle business is growing as are all our needs. Has anyone any old fashioned candle making equipment? Maybe? Perhaps? We sure could use more of same. Mika-or Mica — the old X-ray plates — have so many uses in a place like ours — we would love to have some, dear hospital Superiors. Old plastic of any kind too would come in handy.

BUT ABOVE ALL ON OUR MIND IS CHRISTMAS . . . AND THE THREE THOUSAND PARCELS WE MUST PREPARE TO MAKE MANY KIDS AND ADULTS REALLY HAPPY ON THAT HOLY FEAST.

WHO WOULD LIKE TO ADOPT A PROJECT FOR MADONNA HOUSE FOR CHRIST'S BIRTHDAY . . . PERHAPS SOME GOOD CATHOLIC CLUB . . . SCHOOL . . . COLLEGE . . .

THE EIGHTH GIFT

By John Carmel

All heaven was agog with excitement and expectation, for the great day had at last arrived. There, in the Hall of Grace, the angels of the nations-to-be were to receive from the Holy Ghost the gifts their destinies demanded. From all the abodes of the just, a vast throng had flocked to the assembly; and a constant buzz of conversation came from the tiers that overlooked the seats of the nations.

At the far end a long table was piled high with orderly rows of miniature cedar chests — small copies of the seven huge boxes which lay on an upper rostrum in full view. On a higher level, dominating all, was the throne dais — as yet unoccupied.

Powers and Dominions

As the Holy Ghost, followed by the Blessed Virgin, entered from the side, conversation ceased; and one and all stood in respectful silence, sitting only at a sign from St. Michael, who placed a lantern and ledger in front of the Holy Spirit before returning to his own rostrum at the side, while all present had their ears cocked for his first words.

"France!" rang out the archangel's voice. From the seats at one side rose a dainty angel — perhaps a shade too chic, but Our Lady beamed on her as she advanced proudly to the lower table where she received her box, embossed and engraved with the fleur-de-lis. She stood below the dais, facing the Holy Ghost. Leaping gently through the ledger, the latter read silently for a few moments, and then in decisive tones announced:

"Fortitude!"

The angel of France mounted briskly to the rostrum, filled her chest from the fourth box, and returned in a dignified manner to her place.

"Russia!" St. Michael called. With measured stateliness a somewhat subdued angel made her way, with a grave smile, to the table, accepted her box, and head bowed in reflection, waited before the Godhead. The Holy Spirit turned the ledger and sat for a few moments looking into the future. Then, with a look of love, he gazed on the figure beneath Him and said gently, "Understanding." The angel, eyes aglow, solemnly filled her box and made her way back to her place.

A Masculine Angel

"Germany!" The Archangel's voice boomed once again, and a somewhat stoutish angel, bounding up, strode toward the table and his chest — whose capacity he had already calculated, as well as its ratio to the boxes above. Clicking smartly to attention he stood rigid his gaze on the Figure above, whose eyes scanned the pages of the ledger.

"Knowledge!" The Holy Ghost said; and the angel advanced with his chest, to fill it — tapping it every now and again to ensure that it should be really well filled.

And so, one by one, the angels of the nations came forward and received their gifts until there remained only one box.

"England!" St. Michael called. But there was no movement. Heads turned questioningly, and the silence deepened. "England!" the archangel repeated. His voice had taken on a certain edge. Again no one moved. Michael belied. In vain. The angel of England was not there!

With an imperious gesture, St. Michael gave the signal for the assembly to rise. The Holy Ghost and Our Lady departed; and, amidst a renewed buzz of mutual congratulations, the formal part of the meeting came to an end.

And to England

Amid the excitement the entrance of an angel escorted by a bull dog and a fox terrier was scarcely noticed. Looking rather sheepish, this angel walked up to the table. But it was now empty, as was the rostrum above. He gazed around rather despondently for a moment; then, shrugging his shoulders, wandered down among the general assembly until, having observed a decent interval, he sauntered to the entrance lobby. As he was about to leave, somewhat downcast, he came unexpectedly face to face with Our Lady, who pressed a wrapped package into his hand and disappeared.

Despite the wrapping, he could feel the outlines of a cedar chest. Somewhat cheered, he walked out and on, until he reached his heavenly abode. Once there, he carefully removed the wrappings, and beamed delightedly at the embossed rose. He opened the chest. It appeared to be empty, except for two written notes. Yet the con-

dition was overpowering that the chest was full. Opening the first note, the angel read, with a chuckle:

The Eighth Gift

"Dear England. I guessed what had happened. So when the Holy Ghost's back was turned, I filled your chest with His eighth gift. His eighth and best, even if it is unofficial. After all, you are to be my dowry. Love. Mary."

Laughing joyfully, the angel of England picked up the second note, and read it with a loud guffaw.

"Dear England. Whose back was turned? I inspired the whole business! Love. The Holy Ghost."

The angel closed the box and gazed for a long moment into the future.

"You lucky people," he mused, "God has given you a special gift. His eighth gift. A sense of humor!"



My Lover once wove me a flowery crown
As pure as the driven snow
And I gave Him my heart in the flower of youth
For you see, I loved Him so.

My Lover then wove me a crown of Thorns
Each one in His Blood was dyed
And He gave me a cross for a wedding gift
For I was to be His Bride.

My Lover is weaving a golden crown
In Heaven, He's waiting for me
For Eternal Truth has promised
I'll shine like the stars — for Eternity!

When you see the sunset spread
Across the bosom of a lake
And see a single outlined tree —
Remember her!

When overhead
A bird soars singing — let it make
You glad — remembering she is free!
Remember her.

These rocks, these leaves, this chattering brook
Understood;
Now she possesses! All life took
Is now restored to her — in God.

Color and music — light and song
Beauty and laughter — love and faith:
These things she waited for — so long!
These are restored to her in death.

No human love, no human power
Could loose the net about her feet
Rejoice then in this radiant hour
That God has made her life complete.

Our mortal pathways twist and fade
And human talents warp and fail;
But God has cherished what He made
Now He has bade His will prevail.

It is not sad to burst these bars
Of broken dreams. How sweet to go
To find what she'd been seeking for.

She is not lost beyond the stars
Now she can dream and see and know
All truth — all beauty — evermore!
Remember her!

LUX IN TENEBRIS

By Bob Lax

Light
Which gives back
Light
Which gives back
Light:

The high light

Falling

On low light

Rising,

The low light

Rising

Gives back

Light;

The light

Returning

The low light's

Rising,

The low light's

Rising

Returns to

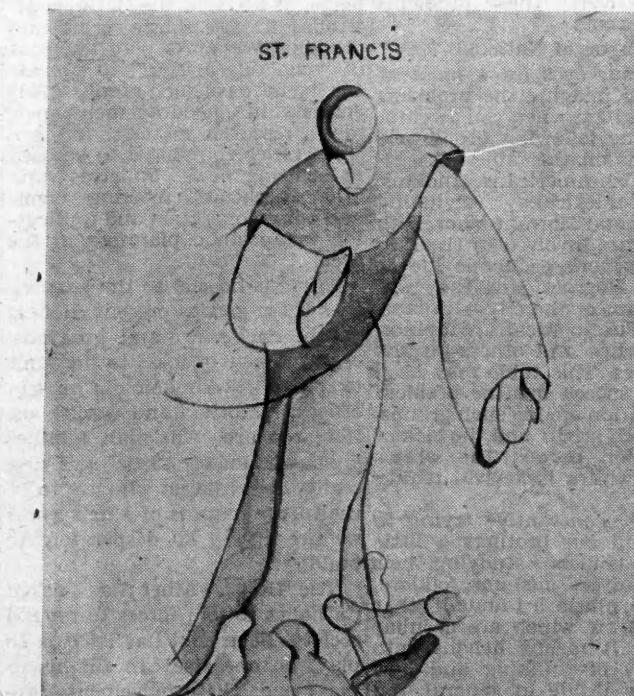
Light.

The light's
Downfalling,
The light's
Uprising
Gives light
Between
The light
And light.
The light's
Uprising,
The light's
Downfalling
Make lights
Of motion
In moveless
Light.

Fly lights
From midnight,
Soar lights
From low light,
Flow light
From high light
To lights low.
Moveless
Light
Holds light's
Bright moving;
Light's bright
Moving
Moveless
Shows.

This is the
Night
Of the light's
Bright moving;
This is the dark
Of the moveless
Light;

The light's bright moving
Is night's dark
Falling;
The night's dark falling
Returns to
Light.



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A LOVE LETTER

(Continued from Page One)
years. I heard him speak of You last night. No Catholic priest could have been more eloquent or moving. Dr. Robert H. Spiro, who was a Jew, then a Baptist minister, and finally a Catholic. I heard him too, speaking of You with love and adoration. And so many others, including that fine New York reporter, Erwin J. Endress, and Fr. Harris M. Findlay, of St. Joseph's Church, Martinsville, Va. Endress drove here from Staten Island with his daughter, Kathleen. Isn't she delightful, God? I'll bet You have a great love for her; and a wonderful future for her. And for all those here, gathered in your name. Remember us all, God, and let us love You more and more. "More than yesterday, less than tomorrow."

Absorb Me, God!

Bishop Waters opened the Orientation Week program with a talk on the Mass; and I went into a sort of day-dream, or maybe a meditation, thinking how my poor human body absorbed Your Son's divine Body and Blood, and also His divinity and His soul, every morning in Communion. I never can think of this without a feeling of fear, and guilt, and something like rapturous wonder, and something else curiously like humility. (You know God what Your friend, Tom Gibson is fond of saying — Did you read my book on humility? It's terrific! You mustn't miss a word of it! Teach me to be really humble.)

I was thinking about absorbing Your divinity, God, when another thought occurred to me. Why can You not absorb me — let me die to You, and You live on in me? You in me, and no longer in You.

Am I uttering some sort of heresy in this? I do not know. I only know I love You enough to be entirely absorbed in You and by You, so that I would no longer exist. St. Paul had this idea a long time ago, and expressed it better than I can. I can't put it exactly as I want to; but You — and probably nobody else but You — know exactly what I mean.